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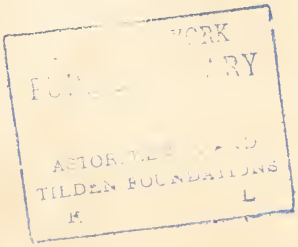
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE

VASE OF FLOWERS:

A

GIFT FOR THE YOUNG.

BY AMANDA M. EDMOND,

AUTHOR OF "WILLIE GRANT," AND "RALPH MOWBREY."

Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and approved by the Committee of Publication.

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THE

VASE OF FLOWERS.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

While to youth and health and gladness,
  Beats the life pulse strong and high;
While no bitter tear of sadness
  Comes to dim the beaming eye;
Ere corroding cares intrusive,
  Vex the soul and shade the brow;
Life's enchantments prove delusive,
  Turn to thy Creator now.

Linger not till life is wasted,
  And youth's warm affection chilled;
Ere thy lips the cup have tasted,
  Which the grace of God hath filled;

Till the grave no more at distance
Flings its shadows, damp and dim,—
A frail remnant of existence
Is no offering worthy Him.

Come, ere faithless words are spoken,
Friends like summer birds depart;
Ere the links of love are broken,
Earth entwines around thy heart.
Turn, O turn, where wreathed with glory
Thy Redeemer's cross appears;
O'er his sweet yet mournful story,
Shed thy earliest, softest tears.

Come with contrite hearts, and lowly;
Come like the returning dove;
Guided by the Spirit Holy
To the ark of Jesus' love.
In the glow of life's sweet morning,
With its freshness on thy brow,
And its rose thy cheek adorning;
Turn to thy Creator now.

THE COVETED HATCHET.

It was Christmas Eve, and Grandfather Gregory had gathered around him before a blazing fire, a smiling group of grandchildren, to whom he related the following story of his boyhood.

In his hands he held a small hatchet, fit only for a boy to use; it looked old and rusty, and the children were eagerly pressing their inquiries respecting it, when he gently hushed them with his tremulous voice, promising to relate to them its whole history:—

"When I was a child," said the good old man, "I lived in a large, old-fashioned farm-house, on the banks of a

beautiful river, far up in the country. The scenery around my home was very lovely. On one side of us was a deep forest, whose interior was pathless, save to the hunter or the woodcutter, who boldly penetrated its dark recesses, in search of fuel or game. On the other side of the family mansion, and also behind it, were the well cultivated fields of my father, cleared by his own hands; and before us was the noble river, with its blue waters, ever hurrying on towards the sea.

"There was a large family of us children; Mary and Eben, Frank and Anne, besides myself and the baby, who at the time my story commences, was thought too young to have a name. Not far from our home our cousins resided, Henry and John, and little Fanny; and many were the happy

hours we all spent together in the woods, or by the river side, on holidays, or Saturday afternoons.

"My father was a very strict man, that is, with his children; but he was one of the kindest of parents. He brought us up in accordance with the old fashioned manner, somewhat, of training children; and I often think it would be better for the young people, if it were practiced a little more now-a-days. He was very particular with us on Sabbath days. When Saturday night came round, we were required at sundown to put by all our playthings, and were not allowed to look at them again until Monday morning. Then after supper, our father used to gather us, the elder ones, around him, and hear us recite verses from the Bible, or instruct us in some part of

the Word of God. One night, when we were thus assembled, he opened the Bible at the chapter which contains the ten commandments, and selected the tenth as a subject of conversation. The words are, 'Thou shalt not covet.'

When he had read them slowly over once or twice, he raised his eyes and looked upon the little group before him with a penetrating glance, as if he thought the command might at that present time have a particular reference to some of us. And so it had; though unsuspected by him. The red blood mounted to my cheeks, and my ears tingled beneath his glance, for in my heart, I had long and deeply coveted an article belonging to my cousin Henry. I bent down over my book to conceal my conscious face, and my

father proceeded to explain the commandment. 'To covet,' said he, 'is to look upon, or earnestly desire an article belonging to another, with a view of making it our own. It is not wrong for us to wish we might possess something *similar* to that owned by another, but to desire *what he himself has*, is sinful in the sight of God.'

In this way he conversed with us for an hour; after which, he offered prayers with us, and then giving us his blessing, we retired to bed.

My brothers soon fell into a sweet sleep, but not so with myself; I could not sleep. The words of my father as he read them to us, still rang in my ears, "Thou shalt not covet." For many days I had been guilty of transgressing this commandment. My cousin Henry had given to him a little hatchet,

all new and shining, a great prize to a boy. Henry had shown it to me, in his boyish delight, and together we had tested its marvelous powers at hacking and splitting. As I handled it, and looked it over and over, a feeling of envy seized me, and a strong desire that it could be mine. So ardent was my wish, that I offered him half my playthings in exchange for it ; my hoop, my ball, my kite, and what I valued most, my bow and arrows. But in vain ; Henry would not part with it ; nothing could tempt him. The more I saw of the hatchet, and the value Henry set upon it, the greater and stronger became my desire to be the possessor of it.

When such a feeling enters a person's breast, and he gives it room, and suffers his thoughts to dwell upon an

unlawful object, the more his heart becomes hardened to the sin of covetousness, and the greater danger there is that he will be induced to obtain what he desires, in a wrong and unjust manner. This was exactly the state in which my mind then was; and as I have before said, it rendered me so uneasy, it was with difficulty I could compose myself to sleep, that night. The next day dawned bright and beautiful; and as usual, we all attended church, which was some miles distant. I must confess, however, that frequently during the day, my thoughts were wandering upon the coveted plaything of my little cousin.

"During the ensuing week, I saw Henry often, and made several attempts to induce him to part with his hatchet, but in vain; nevertheless his repeated

refusals only added strength to my desire. On Saturday afternoon, which was our weekly half holiday, we all went into the woods to play. We resolved to construct a little wigwam. There were four boys of us, Frank, Eben, Henry and myself. I was the eldest. For half an hour we pursued our way through the intricacies of the forest, making its silent depths ring with the music of our boyish laughter; and starting the timid birds, or the nimble squirrels from their leafy retreats. Henry kept striking here and there some little sapling with his hatchet, and bringing it to the ground. I beheld him with longing eyes, and said within myself, 'what would I not give were it mine;' and I began to invent some new method by which it might come into my possession.'

"When we had gone sufficiently far into the woods, we commenced operations for building our projected hut. Eben cleared a spot of ground with a small hoe; scraping away the leaves and dry branches. Frank brought flat stones for the floor, and the miniature fireplace we proposed to make, while I looked on directing and planning the mimic piece of architecture.

"When we had got it all done but the roof, we brought pine branches and wove them in with the saplings, whose tops we had tied together; and then we collected large quantities of wood moss, which we spread over the whole; we also made a green carpet for our floor of the same. When we had got it all completed, we surveyed it with great delight. It was just large enough to hold us four boys, and we

sung, we hurrahed, and danced around it in the excess of our joy. Then we seated ourselves within it, to eat some refreshment we had brought with us.

"There was a beautiful little spring bubbling up among the moss and leaves not far off, and I took a tin pail to go for some of the fresh cold water; I went alone.

"On my way, and at a little distance from the hut, I spied something shining in the grass. A sunbeam falling directly upon it, made it glitter. I ran and took it up. It was Henry's little hatchet. He had thrown it there but a short time before. I turned it over and over, with a longing look, and something whispered to me, 'Now is the time to make it yours. Just hide it under the leaves for the present, and you can easily come and get it

afterwards.' Shame upon me, but I yielded to the temptation. I hastily thrust it under a bed of leaves, and marking the spot by the vicinity of an old stump, so that I should know it again, I hurried on to the spring, filled my pail with water, and returned as if nothing had happened. But I was ill at ease, and all my merriment had suddenly subsided; but I tried to laugh and feel gay as before, lest they should suspect me of some secret uneasiness.

"It grew near sundown, 'Come,' said I, 'it is growing late; let us return home, or the sun will quite set before we get there.' The boys jumped up, and prepared for a departure. Eben ran for his hoe, Frank for his knife, and Henry for his hatchet. But in vain did he run hither and thither,

it was nowhere to be found. We all joined in the search, which I need not say was an ineffectual one. Henry at last discouraged, sat down upon an old stump and burst into tears, declaring he could not go home without it.

"After some time, however, we succeeded in pacifying him, by promising to return some other day and look for it; and we turned our faces towards home again; none of us by the way, in such spirits as when we came thither.

"Henry was grieving for his lost treasure. Frank and Eben were silent from sympathy, and I from guilt. I could not look Henry in the face, for a lie was on my tongue, and in my heart. When we reached home, the sun was nearly down. "You are late Charles," said my father, as we en-

tered, as observing my downcast face, he glanced at me inquiringly. 'Henry lost his hatchet,' said Eben, 'and we staid to find it.'

"We ate our suppers hastily, and then gathered around our father to receive the usual Saturday evening's hour of religious instruction; but how shall I describe the feelings that thrilled through my young heart, when he took as the subject of his remarks, the command 'Thou shalt not steal.' If I looked conscious before, I must have looked guilty now; for I turned red and pale by turns. Never in my life had I been guilty of the most petty theft before; so that my agitation and shame were as new as they were startling. The tones of my father's voice, fell like reproaches upon my ear; and it seemed as though the word thief

must be written on my countenance, and my guilt apparent to all. For some time he dwelt upon the sin of transgressing this command. He told us that it was just as wicked in the sight of God to take a little thing as a great one; the act was precisely the same in principle, only differing in consequences. A boy who takes unlawfully a plaything belonging to another, is as much guilty of the *act* of stealing, as one who pilfers money from his father. The only difference is, that *what* he takes is not of so much value, but the motives are the same in both instances.

"In this way he talked to us for some time, and then dismissed us to retire. I had always dearly loved the Saturday evening's instruction from my father, until now. On this evening, I

sat in a state of perpetual disquietude, and I felt truly glad when he closed his remarks. Although I tried to shake off my uneasiness, I felt that I could not shut my heart against the solemn truths of God's word. I passed several days in this state. Many times I was on the point of confessing my wickedness to Henry, and restoring to him the hatchet; but shame, and my sinful, covetous heart, kept me back.

"Henry went several times into the woods for his lost treasure; but without success; and every time I saw him, I felt most unhappy.

"Gradually, however, I became more indifferent to the matter; and my remorse wore slowly away. At last, I even felt inwardly gratified at my adroitness, in obtaining what I had so long and so earnestly desired. But

it was many days before I ventured into the woods after the secreted hatchet.

"Late one evening about sunset, I went alone. When I arrived at the spot, I removed the leaves gently, and found it lying just where I had placed it. Suddenly I heard a noise, like the crackling of the leaves, under some coming footstep. O how I trembled. In my fright the hatchet slipped out of my hands, and fell to the ground; but the noise I heard proved to be nothing but an old gray squirrel, running along on the ground a short distance beyond. I laughed at my fears; but guilt makes a person very timid, and even the rustling of a leaf, or the sudden chirp of a cricket, would send a thrill through me for a moment.

"On my way home, I formed a plan by which I might hide the hatchet nearer home; so that I could easily enjoy it at my leisure. There was a meadow near home, and a small brook running through it. I resolved to hide the hatchet among the rushes along the margin. Accordingly, I conveyed it thither. On my way I planned out many things which I would make with it; a small boat; a little wagon; a sled; and other things; anticipating much pleasure.

"It was quite dark when I reached home; and although I felt somewhat guilty, no suspicion was excited on account of my late absence.

"Many and many a trip did I take to the woods after this with my hatchet, alone; but somehow I never could enjoy it as I expected. Aside

from the remorse I felt at having unlawfully obtained it; there was no satisfaction in solitary amusement. Boys as well as men are social beings, and it is a fact, that every pleasure is doubly pleasant, from being shared by a companion. Before long I grew tired of my hatchet, and sought to amuse myself with it less often. At last I ceased to go near it for some time, and when I did see it again, it was all rusty, and valueless. Doubly vexed at this, I threw it down among the rushes, resolving never to see it more. But I could not drive it from my mind, I never saw Henry without remembering it afresh. Sometime after this, Henry was taken sick, and not expected to recover. Shortly before he died, I went to visit him. When I was shown into his chamber, I found

him in a sitting posture, and supported by pillows. He was very pale, and thin, and greatly changed from my once blooming little playmate. O how my heart smote me, as I looked upon him, for the wrong I had done him in robbing him of his little treasure. He reached out his hand to welcome me; and for a moment his sunken eyes were lighted with joy.

"Charles!" said he, addressing me, "I am going to die," but I am not afraid. It is hard to leave you and my brothers and sisters; but it is God's will, and I am going to be with him in heaven. I wanted to see you, so as to give you a little keepsake, to remember me by. My little hatchet should have been yours, but that is lost; and I will give you instead my new kite."

"This was too much for me; I buried my face in the bedclothes, and bursting into tears, sobbed out, 'Forgive me! O forgive me! your hatchet was not lost, it was I who stole it from you, when we were out in the woods.' I could not say another word, I felt as though a load was removed from my mind, but I would have given worlds never to have been guilty of the deed. The dying boy looked at me a moment in astonishment; never shall I forget that look. Then he said feebly, but gently, 'Do not cry, Charles, it is no matter, you may keep it now to remember me by. I shall never want it again.' He then desired the kite should be brought, and gave it into my hands. With many tears I then took leave of my little playmate, and returned home. Soon after he died.

"I could not bear to go near the hatchet until long after he was buried. Then with a heavy heart, and eyes filled with tears, I drew it all rusty and dull out of the bushes, and conveyed it home. I locked it up in my little trunk as a sacred thing; but I never could forgive myself for what I had done; or look at it without sorrow; for while I loved it for Henry's sake, it was a perpetual memento of my shame and guilt. I have never parted with it; and I keep it now that I am an old man, because it does me good to look back sometimes upon the pleasures and the follies of my boyhood."

There were tears in Grandfather Gregory's eyes as he ceased speaking, and the children around the Christmas

fire were silent in thought. Their young hearts had learned an important lesson from the story of the Coveted Hatchet.

THE DEFORMED CHILD.

CHILD.

Mamma! the children *look* at me,
Whene'er I try to play;
And smile and whisper when they see,
That I am not as they.
We rambled not an hour ago,
Upon the green hill side,
I cannot run, mamma, you know,
But oh, how hard I tried.

Yet I was forced alone to sit,
And see them hurry by;
I could not help but minding it,
You know the reason why.
We tried to catch the butterflies,
On pinions fleet and free;
I fell, mamma, and scarce could rise,
They would not wait for me.

I saw them turn, and see me fall,
I heard them laughing too;

And so I left them, one and all,
To come and sit with you.
I know that strange my form must be,
Unlovely too, but oh!
'Tis hard to have them laugh at me,
When God has made me so.

I know for me 'tis all the best,
That 'tis His will divine,
That I should differ from the rest,
And I would not repine.
But in the world above so fair,
Where no diseases sway,
Will angel children love me there,
Or turn like these away?"

MOTHER.

"Oh, no my child! weep not, for thou
Shalt be like those in heaven;
A golden crown to deck thy brow,
To thee shall there be given—
A form most beautiful and bright,
Beyond the fairest here;
Too dazzling for a mortal's sight,
Too pure for sin's dark sphere.

The sorrowing child her eyes upraised,
Grief's keenest pangs were o'er;
Upon her mother's face she gazed
And smiled, and wept no more.
The days of summer, bright and brief,
On rapid wings flew by;
And with the autumn's falling leaf,
She laid her down to die.

Then often round her early grave,
They came to weep in vain,
Who 'mid their childish pastimes gave
Her gentle spirit pain.
Oh! ye who sport in life's young morn,
The hand that moulded you,
The little ones ye dare to scorn,
Hath wisely fashioned too.

Let not a harsh, unkindly voice,
Or look to them be given;
So may ye o'er their graves rejoice,
With hope to meet in heaven.
'Tis but the mortal part ye see,
That moulders 'neath the sod;
The *soul* most beautiful shall be
Before the throne of God!"

JANE GREY:

OR, THE RICHES OF PIETY.

It is much better to be poor in this world and have a treasure in heaven, than to be possessed of earthly riches, and have nothing laid up above. But children, as well as grown persons, are not apt to believe this; they prefer rather the honors and pleasures of prosperity here, to a more glorious inheritance hereafter. Yet the means of enjoyment worldly wealth has power to bring, cannot produce happiness to be compared with that religion bestows. It matters not how poor and despised a person may be, if he trusts in God, he will always be happy. A

pious hope will make the most lowly cottage more bright than a splendid mansion; it will lighten heavy toil, sweeten the cup of affliction, and make the heart always joyful. It is a blessed thing that the gifts of God are open alike for the poor as well as the rich; for many a heart broken by want and suffering has not only been made glad in this world, but passed away rejoicing to its heavenly inheritance, where poverty and distress can never enter. Even a little child who has begged its daily bread from door to door, has learned to trust in its Heavenly Father, and look calmly forward with an eye of faith, to the bright world where its treasure is laid up, and waited patiently the time when God should call it thither. But I think I can illustrate these remarks

best by a story which in substance is strictly true. A few years ago there lived in London a little girl named Jane Grey. Her father and mother were very poor, and lived in a small low hovel in a narrow dark alley of the great metropolis. But this was not all, Jane's father was a very intemperate man, and was sometimes harsh and cruel to little Jane and her mother. At last her mother fell sick and died, in consequence of hard labor and unkind treatment from her worthless husband. Jane wept very bitterly over her mother's death, for she now felt that she was almost alone in the world, with no one to care for her or to love her. Her father was absent from home a great deal of the time, and when he did return, he was always so intoxicated that Jane was afraid to

come in his way. She used to beg her bread every day, and spend the chief of her time in idle sports with children as poor and forsaken as herself. She did not know how to read, and had never been taught to pray, or to keep the Sabbath holy. Such was the wretched condition of little Jane, when the good Providence of God opened a way for her to obtain a knowledge of divine things, whereby, in the midst of her poverty, she became through faith in her Saviour, an heir to great and eternal riches.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, and the church bells were sending their echoing music along the streets of the great city, and summoning people to the temples set apart for prayer and praise. Groups of well-dressed children were hurrying to and fro to

the various Sabbath schools, and but a few of the busy throng of people passing and repassing, seemed to have no end in view but that of wasting away the precious hours, by idly sauntering along the streets. Little Jane, ragged and dirty, stood upon one of the vast bridges over the river Thames, leaning upon the parapet, and gazing down into the bright sheet of water below. She felt lonely and forsaken; her father did not care for her, and she had no one in whom she could confide, no one to pity or to caress her. She thought of her mother and wondered what was become of her. She had seen her die and committed to the burial ground, but of the real nature of death she had no idea, and only wept that her mother had been laid in the dark, cold grave, and would never

return to her. While she was thus musing, a soft hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a kind voice addressed her. Jane started and turned around. It was the voice of a stranger, but so sweet and mild that her young heart at once felt warmed and cheered. The lady again spoke. "Will you go to the Sabbath school with me, my dear?" Jane glanced down at her dirty, ragged dress and bare feet with feelings of shame, which prevented a reply. "Never mind your dress," said the lady, holding out her hand affectionately, "come with me." There was something so kind and winning in the voice of this new found friend, that Jane hesitated no longer, and grasping the extended hand, she suffered herself to be led away. When they reached the school, ashamed of

her mean apparel, she would have shrunk away into a corner abashed and timid, but every one looked kindly upon her, and seemed to give her a cordial welcome. Gradually she became deeply interested in the exercises, and with a wondering ear, she listened to the story of the Saviour's death and sufferings, and heard that his earthly mission was to seek and save such as her; that he cared for her, lonely and poor as she was, and would have her seek and love him. Her childish heart was touched by his wondrous love and grace, and she felt a desire to know more of these things, and to learn to read his Holy Word. The next Sabbath she came to the school of her own accord, and ere long she became able to read the Bible a little herself. She was then

presented with a Testament, which she received with great delight. But a trial awaited her at home, when her father discovered the book in her possession. In a fit of intoxication and anger, he took it from her and turned her out of doors without food or shelter. But little Jane was not dismayed; she had read, "when my father and mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up," and she put her childish trust in God. She had been told that her Heavenly Father cared for the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, and that he would never cease to provide for those who trusted in him. She went to the door of a poor but kind-hearted neighbor, and told her simple story. "The more's the pity for you a poor orphan child," was the reply, "come in, and I will

give you food and a bed, mayhap your father will open his door to you to-morrow." The next day Jane returned home; her father had gone out and she found her little Testament lying upon the floor where he had thrown it. She picked up the precious volume, and placing it in her bosom, set out on her daily walk to beg the bread of charity. In the mean time a great change had been observable in little Jane at the Sabbath school. She had given evidence that her heart once so dark and ignorant, had indeed been illuminated by the light of Divine truth, and the good seed sown, was bearing fruit unto eternal life. Her teacher had become deeply interested in her; she was so mild, so patient, and so eager to know more of the Saviour who died to redeem her, and

seemed overjoyed to be told that he was her Saviour and her friend. The teacher resolved to visit Jane at her own dwelling, and relieve her in her destitution and misery. But when the Sabbath came again, little Jane was missing from her accustomed seat. In vain did the teacher await her coming, the interesting object of her pious care did not appear, to learn more of the rich truths of God's revealed Word. Another Sabbath passed and still she came not. With a sad heart the teacher began her walk homeward at the closing of the school. She knew not where to find little Jane, else she would have sought her. But I must go back a little in my history, in order to explain the causes which kept Jane from the society of her beloved Sabbath school. One morn-

ing, as usual, Jane left her humble dwelling to beg bread for herself and father. But her usual success seemed to have forsaken her. In vain did she urge her plea, at the sumptuous dwellings of the rich. She was repulsed by the well-fed servants with cruel words of scorn. Her feet became sore with wandering through the paved streets, and faint and weary she sat down upon a flight of lofty steps that ascended to the door of a splendid mansion. She leaned her head upon her hands, for it ached sadly, and tears she could not repress, rolled down her cheeks. But she remembered the love and care of her Heavenly Father, "he feeds the sparrows," she murmured," and he will not forget me. She drew her little Testament from her bosom, where she always carried

it, and as she opened it, her eye fell upon these words, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." "Ah," thought she, "though I am poor and despised, yet I have treasures above which God will give me when I die. I shall never be poor in heaven, nor suffer for want of food as I do here, for it says, 'God will feed his children, and wipe all tears from their eyes.' I wish I could go there now, perhaps I should find my mother there, for she was good and kind and not like my father." Just then the house door opened, and a little girl bounded out richly dressed, and leading a younger brother by the hand. As she ran down the steps, her eye fell upon poor Jane. In a moment her smiling countenance was suffused with anger, and she exclaimed rudely, "You

dirty little beggar girl, how dare you sit here upon my papa's steps; go away quickly, or I will tell the servant to drive you away." Jane did not reply, but taking up her empty basket, moved slowly away, while the little girl and her brother set up a loud laugh at the coarse and ragged dress of the beggar girl. For a moment, angry and murmuring thoughts arose in Jane's mind. Why should she be so poor and wretched, almost an outcast in the streets, while the girl who had treated her so unkindly lived in so beautiful a house, and wore such rich and elegant clothing. But something soon checked the rising murmurs. She remembered that her Saviour was also poor and despised, that when he was on earth, he had no home, no wealth, and borrowed even

his grave, and that it was better to have him for a friend, than all the riches of this world. Then too, she began to feel that she had treasures laid up in heaven which the little girl and her brother knew not of, and while hers would grow brighter and brighter, theirs would fade as do all the things of this world, and pass away. Jane turned her steps towards home, for her limbs ached with fatigue, and she felt faint and weak. She had eaten nothing since morning, but she did not crave food, she only wanted to lie down and rest. She went to her miserable little garret, and flinging herself down upon a heap of straw, covered with an old ragged quilt, her only bed, she fell into a heavy, but uneasy slumber. During the night she heard and saw nothing of her

father, and when she awoke the next morning, the red sunlight was streaming in upon her bed through the wide crevices of the decaying roof that admitted alike heat and cold, sun and rain. She tried to rise, but could not; a burning pain was in all her limbs, and her head felt confused and strange. Her lips were parched with thirst, but she could obtain no water. She thought that perhaps she was about to be sick and die, and it gave her no unhappiness,—for she longed to go to her heavenly home. Patiently she lay until towards nightfall, when she became so sick as to be unable to move her head on her pillow. Still her precious Testament was by her side, and her weak, burning fingers clasped it fondly. She thought of death, and rejoiced in the belief that it

was fast drawing nigh, and that God would soon take her to himself. And so it was ; a fever of an alarming kind had seized upon her, and medical aid, could she have obtained it, would have availed nothing. Just then she heard a strange step ascending the rude staircase, and in a few moments a stranger of mild countenance and dressed in the garb of a clergyman, stood by her rude bedside. He took her thin hand in his, and gazed tenderly upon her wan countenance. "My poor little girl," said he, "you are very ill, have you no friends to stay with you?" "I have no earthly friend but my father," replied little Jane, "and he does not love me ; but I am not alone, God is my friend, and I shall soon go to him." "Are you not afraid to die?" asked the clergy-

man. "O no, sir, I am happy." "Why are you happy to die?" "Because I am going to heaven; Jesus Christ has forgiven my sins, and he will save me." "Where did you learn of Jesus Christ?" asked the minister. "In the Sabbath school, sir; I learned to read there, and I was first told that he died on the cross to save me; and all who believe on him." "Where is your mother, Jane?" "She is dead, sir." "And your brothers and sisters?" "I have none sir." "Have you a father living here?" "Yes, sir." "Where is he?" "I don't know, sir, he went away yesterday." Here little Jane burst into a fit of weeping. "Why do you weep?" said the minister. "O," she replied, sobbing bitterly, "Pa drinks rum, and swears dread-

fully, and he cannot go to heaven; I learned so in the Sabbath school." "Can you read?" "Yes, sir, a little; I have read that Jesus died for sinners, and will save all who believe on him; I believe on him, and I shall be saved for his sake." "I am glad you are so happy," said the minister. "Yes, sir," she replied, "I am very happy; I am going to die, but I am not afraid; I shall soon be with Jesus in heaven." The clergyman looked around the room; the walls were of rough boards, dreary and bare, and the roof was full of holes. There was nothing to sit down upon but an old broken chest, and no other furniture except little Jane's rude bed of straw; and on this she lay dying and alone. He looked upon the sweet, patient face of the little sufferer, growing

paler and paler, and as he caught the happy expression of her eye, he thought within himself, how blessed, and how beautiful was that religion which makes a death-bed joyful, and the child of want and sorrow, rich through the grace of God, in being heir to a glorious inheritance beyond the grave. A few moments after he took leave of Jane, promising to send some kind ladies to her with necessaries for her wants and comfort. Before he saw her again, she died; and her last words were two lines of a hymn she learned in the Sabbath school.

"O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be."

The Sabbath school teacher who had become so attached to her, did not see little Jane again alive; but she heard

of her happy and triumphant death, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable, that the seed she had sown in the heart of this poor child, had sprung up and borne fruit unto eternal life. Thus lived and died little Jane Grey, poor in this world's wealth, but rich in faith, and an heir to a kingly inheritance beyond the grave, to which the Saviour early called her. How much more blissful will be her eternal state, than theirs who had their portion here, and laid up no treasure for enjoyment hereafter.

INVITATION TO CHILDREN.

O come to the Saviour in life's happy morning,
Yield up the young heart to its Maker's control;
While the rose in its freshness the cheek is adorning,
And the glad eye is beaming the bliss of the soul.

O come to the Saviour ere trial and sorrow,
On life's sunny path their dark shadows have thrown;
Ere the heart vainly seeks consolation to borrow,
From frail fleeting hopes in its need that are flown.

O come to the Saviour while now he is calling,
And sweet invitations fall soft on the ear;
Ere the fetters of earth the affections enthralling,
Forbid them to rise from this groveling sphere.

How great is his mercy, how rich his salvation,
And O with his love, what on earth can compare;
For us he came down from his glorious station,
That we might ascend, freely justified, there.

If early ye seek him, ye surely shall find him,
For so to the young hath his promise been given;
And none who e'er found him, turned back and resigned him,
But loved him the more as they journeyed to heaven.

O come to the Saviour his goodness adoring,
His love that is precious in life's every stage;
O early approach him, his friendship imploring,
The guide of your youth, and the hope of your age.

And when from your pathway earth's pleasures shall vanish;
And death the destroyer comes suddenly nigh;
The Saviour's sweet presence your terrors shall banish,
His arm shall support as you joyfully die.

O then his bright angels on beautiful pinions,
From the cold bed of death, shall your spirits bear home;
To sing the glad songs of his blissful dominions;
And o'er the green fields of his Eden to roam.

Then come to the Saviour in life's happy morning,
Yield up the young heart to its Maker's control;
While the rose in its freshness the cheek is adorning,
And the glad eye is beaming the bliss of the soul.

ONLY FOR ONCE.

It was a cold winter evening, and the family of Mr. Linwood gathered closer and closer around their comfortable hearth, ruddy with the blazing firelight. Out of doors the winter wind blew wildly, and the cold moonbeams falling upon the deep white snow that encrusted the landscape, caused a reflection like that of unnumbered crystals.

The farmer's family, for Mr. Linwood was a farmer, enjoyed still more their glowing fire from its contrast to the bleak penetrating atmosphere without. The two younger children, Alice, and Mary, the one fondling her pet kitten, and the other reading from a

story book, sat on either side of their grandmother, whose busy fingers plied the industrious needles, while her mild, benevolent eye wandered over the fireside group. But while the other children prattled with the gay spirits of childhood, and father and mother and even the aged grandmother participated in their glee; Robert, the eldest, a boy of some ten or twelve years, alone sat silently. At any other time the good parents would have beheld his thoughtfulness with secret anxiety, but not so now. In the village where they resided, at the Sabbath school which the children attended, there had been an awakening to the importance of religious subjects; and the class of which Robert was a member, consisting of four boys, had all been hopefully converted but himself. No wonder

then that the father and mother far from regretting, inwardly rejoiced over the serious demeanor of their beloved son. But although the mind of Robert was at that time experiencing an internal struggle, it was not exactly of the nature his parents supposed. In the course of the day which was past, Robert had been strongly urged by his schoolmates to be present at a skating party on the river, in preference to attending a prayer meeting for young inquirers. Robert was in reality under serious conviction, and felt the immediate necessity of securing his soul's salvation. But he had been taunted for his seriousness, and strongly persuaded to give up seeking the religion he had begun to feel was so important. The Holy Spirit was urging him to pursue one course, while the tempta-

tions of the adversary were striving to attract him to another. There was a struggle in his mind, and it was this which made him so uneasy, as he sat thoughtfully by the cheerful fire. His thoughts went forward to the coming morrow's evening; and imagination depicted one moment the moonlighted river, and the merry troop of boys gliding swiftly to and fro, making the ice ring to the touch of their steel shod feet; and the next moment the still, solemn prayer meeting with its holy hymns, and earnest supplications rose to his view. To which shall I go, was his mental inquiry. Conscience, and the Holy Spirit said, Seek now the salvation of your precious soul,—pleasure answered, there is yet time; it is only leaving the meeting for once, and you have attended it constantly.

Undecided, Robert returned to his chamber, and the anxious heart of his mother followed him with earnest prayer. The morrow's night at length came, and Robert stood alone in the yard of his father's house, and gazed upon the scene around him. At a little distance gleamed the red lights of the village, and he could distinguish the glimmering of that which lighted the prayer meeting. Something within him urged him thither. Just then the merry voices of the skaters broke upon his ear. They sounded nearer and nearer, they were coming for him. A moment's pause, and he grasped his skates,—he had decided to go; and swiftly joining his companions, he turned his back upon the path that led to the village church. 'Tis only for once, he murmured to himself, only

for once,—there is time enough yet, and the monitor within was hushed, alas ! forever.

The evening was very beautiful, and the heart of Robert beat with exultation as he traversed with bird-like speed the glittering ice of the noble river. All thought of the meeting was banished ; and his laugh rang out the loudest of the band. Sometimes he paused a moment before the red embers of the fires the skaters had kindled at intervals along the ice, and snatching a burning brand waved it in the air as he darted onward, till its showers of sparks were all scattered to the winter breeze.

" A race ! a race !" shouted one of his companions, at the same time darting off down the river at the top of his speed. Instantly all the other boys

joined in the cry ; and the whole party, each striving to outdo the other, glided over the smooth ice with surprising velocity. With a merry laugh, and a light heart, Robert darted on ; and in the eagerness of pursuit, shot rapidly by the leader of the band. On, on they went, Robert the foremost, until they approached a bend in the river, where the ice was thin and yielding. He was far in advance of his companions, and unconscious of impending danger, urged himself on with redoubled vigor. In vain were the warning cries of his companions borne to his ear by the passing wind. He mistook the meaning of their voices, and they died away unheeded. Gathered in a group, far, far behind him, his breathless companions awaited the issue of his adventurous course. Sud-

denly the ice cracked under his tread, it bent and parted beneath his feet. With a wild shriek of terror, the unfortunate boy was plunged into the cold black waves below. One fearful thought of death flashed across his mind, and then was gone. He rose to the surface, gasping for breath, and vainly endeavoring to save himself by clutching at the rough and brittle edges of the ice around the abyss into which he had fallen. A moment he hung suspended, and caught a glimpse of his distant companions, running to and fro, in the confusion of their terror at his awful danger. But none ventured nigh to extend the helping hand. Must he die, and sink in the depths of that cold and gloomy river. The thought was agony, and he clung with all the energy of a drowning man

to the ice around him. But the frail support broke in his eager grasp, and the current below was too strong for his exhausted strength. There was one last and dying struggle, and he sank to rise no more. The strong tide of the river bore the body of Robert Linwood in its dark bosom below that smooth, moonlight ice, to the wild ocean beyond. With heavy hearts his companions returned to his father's house, bearing the unwelcome tidings. Of the household grief I need not speak. Had it not been for the supports of Divine consolation, the afflicted parents would have felt themselves overwhelmed by the sudden stroke. But O, what a mournful fate was that of Robert. It was only for once that he had left the pursuit of his soul's salvation ; but it was leaving it

forever. It was only for once that he had left the prayer meeting; but he never returned thither again. Only for once! Of how many souls have these words proved the ruin. The Holy Spirit has been grieved away, never to return. Indifference has succeeded to religious anxiety; and a step taken only for once, has proved the most fatal; inasmuch as it has occasioned the loss of the immortal soul.

OLD AGE AND MEMORY.

Long years of trouble and of care,
Had marked the brow of age;
For he had passed from manhood fair,
To life's last fleeting stage.
When Memory came with magic art,
And with a hope and fear,
All fresh before his aching heart,
She made the past appear.

His long lost parents first again,
In boyhood's home were seen;
Those visions fled, and saw he then,
Youth was a peaceful dream.
Next came with hopes exulting bright
The man of riper years;
Few clouds obscured his path of light,
Or strewed it o'er with tears.

But soon distress and pain and wo,
His happiness destroyed;

He found earth's pleasures here below,
Were transiently enjoyed.
Youth's auburn locks the hand of time,
Had changed to silver gray;
And he who stood in manhood's prime,
Was doomed to fade away.

Then Memory paused—Age pondered well,
The future lay in gloom;
But death's sharp, fatal arrow fell,
And bore him to the tomb.
But ere he died, Age found that he
One lesson yet might learn,
Life acted twice can never be,
And youth can ne'er return.

THE WHITE DOVE.

Who does not admire a dove! a beautiful dove, with its glossy, shining feathers, and mild round eye, that seems at once to express both purity and peace. Were I going to have a pet bird, I think I would choose a dove; and that should be a white one. Canary birds will do best to sing, and parrots will do best at talking; but give to me a gentle dove of snowy plumage, whose eye ever looks so pure and so confiding.

Emily Graham's father had given her just such a dove, and she called it Lily. It was very tame, and would sit upon her shoulder, or upon her

hand, and make a soft, cooing sound peculiar to that species of bird.

Emily's father was a poor but honest and industrious laborer. Her mother had died during her infancy; and she had since been entrusted to the care of an old lady in humble circumstances, it is true, as far as this world is concerned; but yet rich in being an heir to those treasures laid up for the just in heaven. She had educated Emily to the best of her ability, and endeavored to supply the place of a mother to the little motherless child. And well did Emily repay her care and pious instructions. As she grew in years, she made advances also in those virtues which form a distinguishing part of the Christian character. She was mild and forbearing, and strove to make all around her as happy

as possible. Not far from where Emily lived there resided a gentleman of great wealth. His house was very large and beautiful, and around it were finely cultivated grounds, gardens of flowers and fruits ; and an extensive park, filled with a herd of little spotted deer.

Mr. Evelyn, for so he was called, had one daughter about Emily's age. Her name was Helen. Accustomed from an infant to have her own will, and pleasure, and do whatever she chose, her temper as she grew older became irritable, and tyrannical. None of the servants dared refuse her any thing that she desired ; and even her mother, dreading the violent outbreak of her temper that was sure to follow every reproof, on her side, had begun to yield to the spoiled child in a great

measure; and bitterly lament over evils it seemed too late to correct. Such were Helen Evelyn, and Emily Graham, at the time my story commences, when an occurrence took place, which led to an acquaintance between the two girls, so unlike in disposition, fortune, and station in life.

An unfortunate accident deprived Emily's father of the use of one of his limbs; so that for several days he was unable to fill his usual place in the labors of the field. He was greatly distressed, but not so much upon his own account, as that of his little girl; whose comfortable maintenance depended upon the daily labor of his hands. Now it chanced one day that Emily overheard the surgeon of the parish say to her father, as he called in one day to dress his wound. "Your

only chance for obtaining a permanent cure, is to remove to E——, and place yourself under the care of a physician there, who is reputed to be the most skillful in the country."

"But," answered the poor man, "that is impossible; I have not the means, would that I had, for upon the labor of these hands depends the support of my darling child." The surgeon said no more, but in his heart he resolved to assist so worthy a man. He then left the cottage, promising to return in a few days. "Ah!" thought Emily, as she heard the words of her father, "Would that it were in my power to assist my dear father, how gladly I would do it; but what can I do; I cannot work hard, for I have not the strength. Alas! I fear I can

do nothing that will be of any service."

With a thoughtful heart, the little girl then tied on her straw hat, and taking Lily in her bosom, and a small basket in her hand, she set off for a neighboring field, where she was accustomed to gather violets, which she afterwards sold in small boquets. She gathered her basket full, and then sat down on a green bank to rest, and taking Lily on her hand, proceeded to feed and caress the little creature in the most affectionate manner. Her straw hat lay upon the ground, and her brown curls were stirred by the soft breeze that swept to and fro bearing the sweet odor of the violets. By and by her face grew sad, as she bent over her dove, for she thought again of her father, and she began to weep

at the thought that perhaps he might die for want of means to obtain the necessary medical advice.

While she sat thus pensively, her wealthy young neighbor Helen Evelyn chanced to approach. She was out upon a walk, and attended by a servant. The instant she perceived Emily, she advanced towards her, attracted by the snow-white bird she was so fondly caressing.

"O! what a beautiful dove!" cried she, "how I wish it was mine. Will you sell it to me, little girl?"

"What! sell Lily!" cried Emily quickly, "my own pet Lily! surely I could not do such a thing Miss."

"But I will give you a great deal of money for it," said Helen temptingly.

"O no! money could not persuade

me to part with my darling Lily," answered Emily.

"I saw you weeping just now," said Helen, "What was the cause of your sorrow ?"

"It is because my father is sick, and a journey to a distant physician is necessary for his recovery, and he has not the means to go thither."

Helen's eyes at these words sparkled with pleasure, for in her covetous heart she thought that perhaps if she offered Emily a considerable sum of money for her dove, she might be induced to part with it for her father's sake.

"I will give you two guineas for it," said Helen. "I have plenty of pocket money just now, which father has given me ; come, I will give you two guineas for it, here," she repeated

persuasively; at the same time drawing out her purse, through the silken network of which glittered two golden guineas.

"Two guineas!" thought Emily, moved a little by the offer; for it seemed a large sum in her eyes, "how much good they would do my poor father." She looked at Lily; he sat upon his mistress' finger, cooing, and rubbing his beak against her hand. Could she part with him, the only thing she could call entirely her own, and almost her only treasure. Impossible; but just then the image of her father, pale and suffering, rose before her eyes. She hesitated no longer; her resolution was taken, Lily should be given up. She raised her eyes timidly, but firmly, and said, "You may have Lily, and O, treat him

kindly; for he has been my pet for many days. Helen took the bird and flung her handkerchief over it, and then thrust the two guineas into Emily's hand.

Emily dared not trust herself to take another look at her little favorite, but snatching up her basket with a trembling hand, and tearful eyes, ran swiftly from the spot, and was soon out of sight.

Helen hastened home with the coveted prize. "See, father," said she, as she entered the drawing room, "see what a beautiful bird I have got, and how tame he is. I bought him of a little peasant girl just now."

"He seems a little frightened now, however," said her father, "perhaps you had better feed him a while, until he gets accustomed to the place."

Poor Lily was indeed frightened; his little heart fluttered under his snowy breast, and his mild eye was dazzled with the shining elegance of the splendid parlor into which he had been introduced.

In the mean time Emily hastened home to her father. She opened the door, and running up to him, threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, "O, see, father, here is money for you, and now you can go to E——, and if it please God be soon well again." So saying, she thrust the two golden bright guineas into his hand.

"But where did you obtain it, my dear child," said the good father, anxiously.

"Honestly, dear father, honestly," answered Emily, "but do not ask me any thing more."

"But where is Lily?" asked Mr. Graham, glancing at her shoulder on which he was accustomed to sit, "where is your dove, my child?"

Emily's countenance fell, but she was unused to deception, so she replied frankly, although with a quivering lip, "Lily is sold, father."

"Sold!" said Mr. Graham, in surprise; "to whom?"

"To the young lady at the great house, Miss Helen," answered Emily. "Indeed, father, I had much rather have the money for you than the dove, although I did love Lily dearly," and the gathering tears in her blue eyes, proved this last assertion doubly true.

"My dear child," said the astonished but delighted father, at such a display of generosity, "come to my bosom. I did not require you to make

this sacrifice for me, neither did God require it, but you have made it, and He will bless you for it." So saying, he folded Emily to his breast, while tears of gratitude to heaven, for having bestowed upon him such a child, fell fast upon her head.

The next day the good surgeon whom I have mentioned, resolved to visit several wealthy individuals of his acquaintance, and solicit of them contributions which would enable Emily's father to prosecute his recovery under the care of the distant physician. Among others, he called upon Mr. Evelyn the father of Helen. When he was shown into the drawing room, the first object that struck his eye was a white dove, perched upon a couch, on which Helen was seated.

"What, Emily's dove!" he was on

the point of exclaiming; but prudently forbore. He made known his errand, and it met with a cordial response from Mr. Evelyn, who handed him quite a handsome sum for the object. While the conversation was going on, he managed to obtain another peep at the dove, which confirmed him in the belief that it was, or had been Emily Graham's. But how could it have got there was a question that arose in his mind; for he knew well the value the little girl set upon her dove, when he had seen her in her father's cottage. He observed also that the dove appeared very much dejected. Its head drooped, and its little eyes had a dull, sorrowful look. He said nothing, however, and shortly after took his leave, resolving to inquire farther into the matter.

The next morning as Emily sat at breakfast, she heard a slight pecking or tapping at the latticed window; she opened it, and who should come in, to Emily's great astonishment and joy, but Lily. Yes, it was Lily, but in what a plight he looked. His plumage, once so white and glossy, was now soiled and ragged, and some of his feathers were broken, as though he had struggled hard to get away. The blue ribbon Emily had fastened around his neck, had been exchanged for a fine gold chain; but Lily did not seem very proud of the superior ornament, for he tugged at it with his foot, as if to disengage it. He was overjoyed to see Emily again. He spread his wings, and cooed almost incessantly. He rubbed his beak upon her hand, and against her cheek as he sat

upon her shoulder; and when she offered him food, he partook with as keen a relish as if he had eaten nothing during his absence. But when the first outbreak of joy was over, Emily felt, that although Lily had come back to her, she had no right to keep him. She had sold him, and must restore him to his new owner. As Emily thought of this, and gently stroked the ruffled plumage of her little favorite, her tears fell fast and thick upon its head. But Emily was a conscientious girl. She would not have kept Lily for the world, now that he was sold, and she resolved to carry him back immediately. Her father was still in bed, and she concluded not to acquaint him with the circumstance of Lily's return, until he had been carried back. Accordingly after breakfast

she tied on her straw hat, and wrapping Lily in her apron, she set off for the great house.

As she passed rapidly through the park gate, now and then stopping to kiss fondly, but sadly her little charge, she encountered a gentleman whom she instantly recognized as Helen's father. She dropped a courtesy, and was hurrying on, when he called out, "stop, my little girl, where are you going so fast?"

"To the great house, please your honor," answered Emily, courtesying again.

"And what have you there in your apron?" continued he.

"A white dove that belongs to Miss Helen," she replied, "it escaped from her and flew back to me."

"Were you the little girl who sold Helen a dove?" asked Mr. Evelyn.

"Yes Sir," answered Emily.

"Why did you part with it?" continued he, "did you not love it yourself?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir," said Emily, her blue eyes filling with tears, she could not suppress.

"Then why did you part with it?"

"Because Sir, she gave me so much money for it."

"And what did you want to do with the money particularly?"

"I wanted it for my father, Sir, who is sick," was the reply.

"What is your father's name?"

"Graham, Sir."

"What! the peasant Graham, who is very sick on account of injuries caused by a fall?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Emily.

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "then you may keep your dove, you are a noble little girl, and shall not be a loser by your generosity; take your dove home again. I am grieved that my daughter should take advantage of your needy state, and generous spirit, and thus rob a little peasant girl of her only treasure, when she has so many toys at her command. You may keep your dove for yourself."

"But I cannot, Sir," said Emily, "I have been paid for it, and have now no right to the dove."

"How much were you paid?"

"Two guineas, Sir."

"Very well," replied Mr. Evelyn, kindly, "I will pay Miss Helen the two guineas, and you may keep your dove."

"Thank you, Sir, but I cannot do so," replied Emily.

"Why not?"

"Because it would not be right, without her consent, Sir," answered Emily.

Mr. Evelyn smiled. "You are a good, honest girl," said he, "keep your dove, and I will make it all right with my daughter."

"You are too kind, Sir," said Emily, bursting into tears, but they were tears of joy; "You are too good, I thank you for it, Sir," and she drew Lily from under her apron, and covered him with kisses, then putting him in his old place, her bosom, she courtesied her grateful acknowledgments, and hurried home to tell her father the joyful news.

During her absence the good sur-

geon had again visited her father, and placing a well-filled purse in his hand, made him acquainted with his good fortune. Mr. Graham first silently returned thanks to heaven for this unexpected gift, and then gave his grateful thanks to the surgeon; afterwards he told him of the sacrifice Emily had made, which accounted for the appearance of the dove at the great house.

"She is a good girl," said the surgeon, much affected at the recital; "and while I live she shall never want a friend."

Just then Emily reached the cottage. When she opened the door, she saw the surgeon sitting beside her father, and an expression of great joy on both their countenances.

"O father! father!" cried she,

holding up her dove, "Lily is mine again. The gentleman at the great house, bade me bring him back; and says I must keep him, and that he will pay the two guineas for him. She then related the circumstances of Lily's return home that morning, and her attempt to carry him back; also, the meeting and conversation with Mr. Evelyn in the park; and concluded with saying, "dear papa! dear Lily! I never loved you both so much as now."

Just then the cottage door opened, and to the great surprise of those within, Mr. Evelyn and his daughter entered.

"Do not attempt to rise, my worthy man," said he to Emily's father. "I only wished to see you a few moments, and give Helen a chance for an insight

into the cottage of a peasant, that she might see how much pain, and how much pleasure it is in the power of the rich to bestow upon the poor; also to teach her selfish heart a lesson she can never forget. 'Look Helen,' he continued, 'the little dove you would have taken from a poor peasant girl, is her only treasure; yet you would have obtained it for your gratification, at a time when she seemed compelled to part with it, for her father's sake. Imitate her generous self sacrificing spirit, and you will ever be the delight of your parents."

Then addressing Emily's father, he continued, "as for you sir, I have long noticed your conduct, as a faithful and industrious laborer upon my estate. Continue as you have begun, and if

you regain your health, I will employ you as my bailiff, where your duties will be light; and your little daughter will be able to enjoy the advantages of a good education."

Saying this, he departed, without hearing the thanks of the grateful recipients of his bounty, who astonished, as well as delighted, could scarcely find words to express their feelings. The good surgeon also took his leave, and Emily, and her father, and her excellent maternal friend, rejoiced together over the reward which was given them for their industry and virtue.

Providence smiled upon Mr. Graham's efforts to recover his health; he recovered, and for many years faithfully fulfilled the trust confided to him by

Mr. Evelyn, while Emily grew up to be a blessing to all around her, and while the white dove lived, she always regarded him as the stepping stone of her own, and her father's prosperity.

TO THE MOON.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

Thou peerless queen of the shadowy night!
Ride on in thy beautiful car of light,
'Mid the envious clouds that around thee fly,
And transiently darken the starlit sky.

What various scenes hast thou witnessed here,
While gazing down from thy shining sphere;
With a pitying eye on the fleeting bliss,
And mocking hopes of a world like this!

Oft thou hast shone on the darkened room,
Where beauty fades in its freshest bloom,
And many a spirit has passed away,
From its earthly bonds in the moonlight ray.

Thou art unchanged by the hand of time,
In every age, and in every clime;
And canst not share in the swift decay,
Of the transient works of the sons of clay.

Ride on, ride on, in thy glittering car,
And kindle anew each silvery star;
Till the works of nature decay at last,
And the orbs from their shining tracks have passed.

When the world we inhabit all desolate lies,
The children of God to his presence shall rise;
No more shall we need thee, thou beautiful one,
Nor thy conquering rival, the glorious sun.

Beams fairer than thine shall illumine the heaven,
The beams of a morning that knows not an even,
While the ransomed shall worship the mighty "I Am."
Redeemed from his wrath by the blood of the Lamb.

THE MARTYRS.

In days gone by when wicked men
Opposed the word of God,
And with the Christian Martyr's blood,
Oft dyed the verdant sod,—
Among the Alps of Switzerland,
So beautiful and wild,
A father bowed with weary years,
Dwelt with his only child.

Once was he rich, and proudly called
Extensive lands his own;
By birth a peer, of noble blood,
Allied to Gallia's throne.
Taught by God's Spirit he became
A follower of the Cross,—
For this he lost his princely wealth;
Yet viewed it not as loss.

So keenly he the hot pursuit
Of persecution felt;

Far to the Alpine heights he fled,
Where with his child he dwelt
Yet not alone, the God they loved,
From his high throne above,
Spread o'er his exiled servants there,
His tender wing of love.

Where'er the father chanced to roam,
The child was by his side;
Oft, sitting at his feet she read,
God's Holy Word, their guide,—
In accents sweet, how patiently
The Saviour oft had borne,
For man's salvation here below,
Neglect, and hate, and scorn.

How on the ignominious cross,
The meek Redeemer hung;
While wicked men, exulting mocked,
His frame with anguish wrung,—
How those who serve and love him here,
And shun the paths of sin,
A mansion in his heavenly home,
A golden crown shall win.

One evening, when the setting sun
Was fading fast from sight;
And flowery vale, and vine crowned hill,
Gave back his parting light,
They sat beside their cottage door,
The father, and his child;
And with sweet hymns of joy and praise,
The twilight hour beguiled.

Then kneeled they on the dewy sward,
And raised their evening prayer;
'Twas silence, save the rustling leaves
Stirred by the evening air.
When suddenly, from hands unseen,
A fatal arrow sped,—
Struck down that holy man—he gasped—
Then moved not; he was dead.

The trembling child affrighted fled,
For stranger forms were seen;
With glittering swords, and gestures fierce,
Behind the leafy screen.
She hid her in a lonely cave,
And wept in anguish sore,
For him whom here on earth she feared
She never should see more.

Exulting in their bloody deed,
Appeared a ruffian band;
Sent by a wicked king to slay
God's servants in the land.
They gazed upon that mangled corse,
With curses deep and loud;
But the martyr wist not what they said,
Saw not that angry crowd.

"An heretic!" one rudely cried,—
"Now by our Lady's cross,
No grave shall hold this Christian dog,
No friend shall mourn his loss.
Up! comrades, up! his carcass leave
To vultures wild, a prey;
On! comrades, on! for more like him
Must bleed and die to-day."

He spake, then spurning with his foot
The cold unconscious dead,
To other scenes of blood and wo,
His cruel band he led.
But in the darkness of the night,
A peasant, sorrowing gave
To that old soldier of the cross,
A rude yet peaceful grave.

'Twas evening,—gently in the west
Went down the weary sun;
And pale stars in the shadowy sky,
Came twinkling one by one,—
When from her dark and lone retreat,
Stole that forsaken child;
Sorrow, and fear, had blanched her cheek,
Her eye glanced quick and wild.

At last she found that new made grave,
As softly on she crept;
She fell upon the damp cold sods,
And bitterly she wept.
"My father! O my father! would
That I had died with thee!
That this dark grave that hides thy form
So dear, might shelter me.

"For 'tis a weary lot alone
In this dark world to bide;
My father! O my father! would
I slumbered by thy side!"
Then did she lift her mourning heart,
In prayer to heaven above,
And Jesus to that sorrowing one,
Spake words of peace and love.

Long, long upon her father's grave,
The weeping orphan laid;
Then rose, and sought her lonely home,
Deep in the tangled glade.
Thus did she for successive nights,
And brought the fairest flowers,
And strewed them on the grave with tears,
In those dark solemn hours.

And heavy grew her bounding step,
And thin her form each day;
As at its close she to that grave
Would take her weary way.
One night o'ercome with grief and pain,
She lay her down and slept,
But slumber brought her no relief,
For in her sleep she wept.

The night wore on, the morning dawned,
And of fair day gave token;
But woke not that sweet slumbering child,
For life's young chords were broken.
From its frail clay, the soul had passed
To mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

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And now they lie together there,
The martyr and his child;
For they buried her beside him,
In that spot remote and wild.
And the peasant, as he gathers
His harvest in the vale,
Oft muses on the martyr's fate,
And weeping tells their tale.

And how the Blessed Cross, for which
That old man's blood was shed,
Where superstition reigned supreme,
Rears its triumphant head.
Firm shall it stand in glorious light,
Until by all adored;
The kingdoms of this world become,
The kingdoms of the Lord.

GOOD FOR EVIL REWARDED.

FAR away in Germany, in a little cottage on the banks of the Rhine, there once dwelt an honest old couple named Wertsdorf. They had no children of their own living, and their chief solace and support was their little granddaughter, Florette. Although she was quite young, she was both capable and industrious, and her earnings did considerable toward the support of herself and her aged grand-parents, both of whom were drawing near to the state in which life has too many infirmities to admit of labor. The old man's chief employment was to ferry passengers across the river, and in harvest days to assist the reapers. He

also labored on a small plat of ground around the cottage, where he was enabled to raise a crop of vegetables for domestic use. The grandmother employed herself in spinning, and knitting, and household affairs; but both had become so enfeebled by increasing years, that other aid than that of their own hands was needful, in order to procure even the necessary comforts of life. That assistance they found in the little Florette. Honest, industrious, and of a lovely disposition, she quickly gained the good will of all with whom she came in contact.

Her employment, a part of the year, consisted in selling fruit, and flowers, to visitors who came to explore the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood of her home; and at other times, she assisted in gathering the grapes of the

vineyards belonging to the nobleman on whose estate she resided.

Not far from the cottage where Florette lived, there dwelt an old man called Brunet, who had the reputation of being a great miser. He owned a few acres of land, a good part of which was cultivated as a vineyard. Brunet lived all alone, in a miserable old hovel, almost unfit for the habitation of a human being. He looked upon society with a jealous eye, and reposed confidence in no living creature.

The time in which my story commences, was near the season for the grape harvests. For several nights Brunet had kept a sharp look out for his vineyard, walking around it with a scrutinizing eye, and vigilant ear, lest some evil minded person should attempt

to steal his ripening fruit. At last his watch was repaid.

He heard a slight rustling among the vines as of something moving. Presently he espied a small dog, which he recognized as belonging to his little neighbor Florette. The animal was so intent upon devouring the luscious fruit, that the close vicinity of the old man was unperceived.

"Aha!" muttered the miser in a low voice, at the same time stooping for a large stone which lay near him. "Aha! it is thou, then, a good-for-nothing cur, that comest by night to steal my grapes; but I will soon teach thee better manners."

So saying, he launched the stone full at the head of the dog. But it missed its aim, and only grazed the leg of the unfortunate little animal,

who cried out with pain, and then effected a speedy retreat home.

With many a bitter thought and still more bitter threat, did Brunet betake himself home, and for a long time he lay awake upon his straw pallet, devising means to rid himself of his troublesome canine neighbor.

Early the next morning he went to the cottage of Wertsdorf.

"I have a complaint to make against your dog, neighbor," said he, glancing angrily at Fidelle, who retreated barking behind his young mistress.

"Be seated, friend," answered the honest old grandfather, "and let us know wherein he has troubled you."

But Brunet refused the proffered seat, and the good grandmother looked anxiously over her spectacles at the hard-visaged miser, while Florette

turned pale, as he recounted with many harsh words, the slight misdeeds of the little Fidelle.

"Fidelle does not know any better," said Florette excusingly.

"Then I will soon teach him, if that is all," said the miser gruffly, "and mark my words, young mistress, if he ever trespasses upon my grounds again, I shall poison him, and with the law on my side too, if I recollect rightly." So saying, he departed.

"What, poison Fidelle! dear Fidelle!" cried the little girl, as the form of Brunet disappeared over the threshold, "surely he could not be so cruel!" and with tears in her eyes she caressed her little favorite lovingly, as if to protect him from impending danger. The kind old grand-parents knowing well the disposition of their

surly neighbor, said nothing, save to charge Florette to be careful and secure the little dog at night, so that he could not ramble about until the grape harvests were over.

That night Florette took Fidelle into her own chamber, and afterwards she made a sort of hempen tether, by which she secured him at night, or during her periods of absence, to the little shed attached to the cottage.

The days passed on, and the time for gathering the grapes had almost come, when Florette on going to unfasten her little pet early one morning, found the shed empty, and Fidelle no where to be seen. The rope which had confined him, lay upon the ground, and it was broken in two pieces, whose rough and jagged edges showed plainly that he gnawed it with his teeth.

In vain did she call, no Fidelle answered the summons; in vain did she look around the cottage, and about the garden, no Fidelle appeared.

Discouraged and sad, she stood still a moment, reflecting; at last a sudden and painful thought seized her mind, and she darted off towards the vineyard of her ill-humored neighbor Brunet. But on the way her courage again deserted her, and she sat down upon a stone, and wept bitterly.

Suddenly she heard a faint whine, and on looking among the tall grass around her, she heard it repeated. With a joyful heart, she called out "Fidelle." At the well known sound of his mistress' voice, the little dog responded with a faint noise, and crawled forth to meet her. Sick, and unable to stand, he lay down at her

feet and howled piteously. His body appeared swollen, and his tongue was thrust out of his mouth, as if with great thirst.

Florette instantly perceived the cause of his distress; Brunet had poisoned him. She kneeled down beside him, and strove by her caresses to mitigate his pain, while her tears fell fast upon his shaggy fur. Fidelle, as if sensible of the kindness of his mistress, made a feeble attempt to lick her hand; but he was seized with a sudden spasm, and quivering with agony in every limb, he rolled over upon his back and died.

With many tears Florette returned home to tell the sad tale to her grandparents. They tried to comfort her, and her grandfather dug a little grave for Fidelle in his own garden, and

planted over it a white rosebush, and some blue violets.

It was long before Florette could reconcile herself to the loss of her little favorite; she missed him in her daily walks, whither he had been accustomed to attend her. She missed him at home, during meal times especially, and then to have him die from such a horrible cause—how could Brunet be so cruel; and the little girl wondered while she wept, that any one could have the heart to kill so good a dog for only eating a few grapes.

She did not wish to revenge herself upon the surly old miser. O no! revenge was not in Florette's disposition; she would not injure any one who had injured her, if she could have done it as well as not. But neverthe-

less she did make him some returns for his injustice and cruelty, and we shall see what they were.

The grape harvests were all over, and the cold autumn weather had began to set in, when late one evening as Florette was passing by the dwelling of Brunet, she heard noises as of some person in distress. She peeped through a crevice in the door, and saw the old man extended upon his pallet of straw, and writhing about as if in severe pain. At any other time Florette would have shrunk at once from going so near to her surly old neighbor; but she had a very benevolent heart, and casting her fears aside, she boldly resolved to enter, and relieve the unfortunate old man. So she tapped gently upon the door.

"Who is there?" said a grum voice from within.

"Only a friend," replied Florette softly.

"Well, come in then," was the answer; and to the great astonishment of the old man, his injured little neighbor entered.

A scanty rush light was burning upon the hearth, affording just light enough to enable her to discern the features of the sick man; pale, and agitated with pain. A little water in a broken pitcher stood by the bedside, and was the only nourishment in sight. The old man's eyes were deeply sunken, and his long unshorn beard and hair, grisly with age, hung in matted locks upon his meagre face.

Upon inquiry, Florette learned that a heavy fall had rendered him almost

helpless, and that in consequence of a want of aid, which he was too miserly to obtain, he had suffered greatly for the necessaries of life. Florette with many kind words, promised him immediate assistance, and then ran swiftly home, from whence she quickly returned, bearing a basin of warm broth, and some comfortable clothing; she was assisted by her grandfather. When Brunet saw her coming towards him with these comforts, his heart smote him, for his cruelty to little Fidelle, and the miserable old man hid his face in shame. She seemed to him a ministering angel, in her generous benevolence to one who had unkindly treated her.

She built up a cheerful fire upon the hearth, and brushed clean the untidy floor, giving to the disorderly hovel

something of the air of neatness and comfort.

In the mean time the good old grandfather chafed with a cordial the stiff aching limbs of the old man, which soon gave him ease.

For many days did Florette and her grandfather thus administer to the wants of the old miser; but never with the least expectation of a reward, for although Brunet had no near relatives living, he had friends whom his moroseness had kept ever at a distance. They were actuated by motives of pure benevolence, the more admirable on Florette's part, as Brunet had so unkindly treated her little dog. But notwithstanding all their kind attentions, Brunet did not seem to mend in health. His infirmities and his disorder daily increased, and before long it

became evident that his end was approaching. During all his sickness he had never once alluded to Fidelle's untimely death, until this event seemed drawing nigh.

But one evening as Florette was bathing his temples, he whispered in an exhausted tone, "It was I who was the means of killing your favorite dog. I poisoned him in a fit of anger; but you have returned me good for evil, and you shall not go unrewarded. I sincerely regret my cruelty, and beg your forgiveness. Without your timely aid I should have died a cruel and lingering death."

He then desired her to call the village curate. Florette did so, and he was soon at the bedside. "I desire" said Brunet, "that you will bring me the necessary materials, that I may

make a written deposition concerning my affairs." The curate did so, and to his great astonishment, beheld the old man, with trembling fingers, write the name of Florette Wertsdorf, as heir to a large sum of money, to be delivered to her immediately after his death. Shortly after this he fell back upon his bed, exclaiming, "now I am satisfied," and in a few moments expired.

The good curate instantly informed Florette of her great fortune, but it was with difficulty she believed it.

The bequeathment was as astonishing as unexpected; when after attending the burial of the departed old man, she found herself mistress of a large amount of wealth, sufficient to place herself and her beloved grand-parents in a state of affluence

and ease, so that in their declining years, poverty and care should not disturb them.

Thus was Florette rewarded for her charity, and forgiving spirit; not only in her own approving heart, but with the outward tokens of what the world calls a noble fortune.

Thus was good for evil rewarded.

THE SAILOR BOY'S SISTER.

Forget me not, my brother dear,
When on the bounding sea
Its noisy waters greet thine ear,
For I shall think of thee.

When loud the storm and dark the night,
I'll pray that God would keep
In safety till the morning light,
My brother on the deep.

The sailor heard the gentle girl,—
And when his silent tear
Fell softly on her auburn curls,
He thought how sad and drear,

'Twould be far in a foreign land,
Without his sister's smile;
His mother's fond and soothing hand,
And voice of love the while.

Yet he must go, and when his bark
Sailed swiftly on the main;
Bright o'er his young and saddened heart,
Each lovely image came.

In other climes, he often sought
Some little gift to bear
To her, who was his constant thought,
Some token, rich and rare.

And often as the hour drew near,
He felt how sweet would be
The welcome of those loved ones dear,
When he came home from sea.

No fear of change had marred his dream,
Of hope and future joy;
The sky was all one sunny gleam,
To that young Sailor Boy.

He bounded on his native shore,
One morning bright and fair;
And oped his mother's cottage door,
But found no sister there.

Sadly he paused—then turned away,
As with a tearful face;
His mother spoke of her who lay
Within death's cold embrace.

She told him when her cheek grew pale,
Her sunny eye was dim;
How she would weep to hear the gale,
That might be rocking him.

And often through the summer day,
She sat with hope and prayer,
And watched the white waves in the bay,
That might his vessel bear.

That when the angel death drew nigh,
From pain to set her free,
She only mourned that she must die,
Ere he came home from sea.

Sad grew the sailor's heart, to hear
The words his mother spake;
And glistened on his cheek the tear,
Shed for his sister's sake.

He went to see her new made grave,
Within the churchyard green;
Where snow-white roses softly wave,
The mossy stones between.

And while he wept that one so dear,
To death was early given;
He felt, that though no longer here,
She still was his, in Heaven.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"A STORY from Grandmother! a story from Grandmother!" cried Jane, Henry, and Isabel, clapping their hands and gathering around the venerable old woman, with childish delight and eagerness.

Grandmother laid aside her knitting, and folding her tremulous hands in her lap, prepared to gratify her young auditors. "What shall it be about?" asked she.

"O about something that happened when you were young, that *really* happened, I mean," said Henry.

Grandmother smiled, and commenced as follows:

"Many, many years ago, when I went to school."

"Why Grandmother," interrupted little Isabel," did *you* ever go to school?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered Henry, "how could she ever have learned any thing without?" Isabel did not reply, and the good old lady proceeded.

"I was about your age Jane, when an event occurred which I shall never forget while I live. I can see it now in memory as fresh as though it happened but yesterday; although more than sixty years have rolled away since then. Among all our school girls, there was none more beloved than little Effie Maurice; her eyes and hair were like yours, Jane, and her voice was very sweet and gentle. She was two or three years younger than I

was, and her mother used to entrust her to my care on our way to and from school, and very proud I felt of the commission. At school she always sat beside me, and was never out of my sight.

One beautiful afternoon in summer, school was dismissed a little earlier than usual, because the teacher was indisposed. Effie and I were the last to leave the school-room. Our road lay across the fields, in a different direction from that of the other scholars. Hand in hand, we walked along, chatting and laughing; Effie plucking the wild flowers, and making wreaths, one of which she put on her head. When we had gone through a woods, which lay in our path, we came out into an open place, where was a beautiful brook, with a rough bridge on

which to cross. There was a great abundance of flag-root, as it is called, growing along the margin, also many pretty wild flowers.

"Come," said Effie, "let us stop awhile and get some flag-root."

"No," said I slowly, and rather reluctantly, "we must not stop."

"But Effie persuaded, and coaxed, till at last I consented to stop for a few moments. Now I had been strictly forbidden to loiter any where on my way to and from school; but to tell the truth, I wanted to stop as much as Effie did, but I did wrong to consent, for I had been repeatedly charged neither to stop myself, nor let Effie. I was the eldest, and ought to have known better. But I yielded to the temptation, and throwing down our bonnets and baskets, we stretched

ourselves upon the green bank of the brook, and plunged our arms into the cool water, to tear the red and white roots of the flag from their sandy beds. We soon became too excited with the sport to exercise sufficient caution, and more than once came near slipping into the water, which at that place was more like a pool than a brook, and very deep. In a little time Effie became tired with groping for the flag, and began to amuse herself with trying to catch the large green flies or bugs that darted over the surface of the water, when suddenly she lost her balance, and fell head foremost into the stream. In an agony of terror, I sprang instantly to my feet; but fright made me too confused to render her the necessary assistance. The weight of her clothes bore her down immedi-

ately, and she stretched out her little arms imploringly to me with a cry for help. For a moment a sort of faintness blinded my eyes, and palsied my tongue, and then I screamed loudly for aid; and bending over the brook as far as I dared, I strove to pull her out of the water, but her weight was too much for me, and I had the dreadful agony of seeing her a second time plunge below the surface of the water. My screams at last reached the ears of a laboring man, at work in an adjoining field, and guessing the cause, he ran immediately to the spot, and drew little Effie by her clothes from the water. I clasped my hands in thankfulness and joy; but when I caught a glimpse of her sweet pale face, as she lay in his arms, and heard him say "she is dead," I felt as though I could

wish the earth would open and swallow me up. There she lay as cold as death, her blue eyes half open, and her lips closed tightly, and as white as snow; her long fair hair was dripping with water, and the blue veins in her forehead were so faint as to be scarcely perceptible. I could not speak, I could not cry; but leaving the man to carry Effie home, whither I dared not follow, and snatching up my bonnet and basket, I ran with all speed home to my mother, and burying my face in her lap, with sobs and broken words told her the dreadful story. She said not a word, but bid me be calm, that perhaps Effie was not dead, and taking her bonnet went immediately to the house of Effie's mother. O how impatiently did I await her return. The sun went down, but still she did

not come; the dew began to fall, and the air to grow dusky, but still she lingered. I could not sit still any where. Several times I walked down the lane a little way to see if she were coming. At last I descried her figure in the distance. Her step was slow, and her handkerchief was held to her eyes, as though she were weeping. I dared not run to meet her, but pale and trembling I awaited her entrance into the house. When she came in, she took one of my hands in hers, and said gently to me, "Effie is dead."

My lips quivered, and I burst into tears, exclaiming, "Effie is dead, and I have killed her."

"No," said my mother, "it is true you did wrong to stop at the brook, which I had forbidden; but Effie's death was an accident."

She tried to soothe me, but I could not get away from the thought, that if I had come directly home, she would not have been drowned. It was the dreadful result of my disobedience; I was the eldest, and the blame rested upon me. I could not sleep that night, the poor, pale face of my little playmate was constantly before me. The next day she was buried; the teacher, and all the schoolmates but myself went to the funeral. I could not bear to go; but from our cottage window I saw the procession go by to the village churchyard, and a sickening sensation stole over my heart, as I turned away from the sad sight. I looked upon my garden, on the birds, the trees, the beautiful flowers, and the bright blue sky above me; and when I thought that because of my disobedience, Effie's

little eyes were closed forever on this lovely world, I felt that whatever it might cost me, I would never again disobey my mother in the slightest thing, and I kept my resolution well. It was a lesson I never forgot. It was several days before I could go to school again, and still longer before I could bear to see Effie's mother. But when I did see her, she spoke kindly to me, and gave me a little token of remembrance to keep for Effie's sake.

And now I have ended my story, but let me say to you all, Jane, Henry and Isabel, never disobey your mother in the slightest thing, for you know not what the consequences may be. It may lead to something as sad as the death of little Effie Maurice."

"WHO WILL GO WITH ME WHEN I DIE."

"A little boy upon his death-bed, said to his father, "I am afraid to die, will you go with me?" But the father could not reply. He then turned to his mother and said, "Mother, I am afraid, will you go with me?" The mother wept much, but could give no answer. The child then prayed to God; and looking up shortly after, said with a smile, "I am not afraid to die *now*, for God will go with me."

Death gazed upon those cheeks so fair,
And stole the rose away;
Then bade the lily blossom there,
Sad token of decay.
Cold dew-drops glisten on the brow,
Where health and beauty shone;
Hush, for a child is passing now,
To worlds unseen, alone.

"Father, the grave is filled with gloom,
Earth is so bright and fair;
I fear the dark and lonely tomb,
Will you go with me there?"
The sorrowing father turned and wept,
He saw with bitter pain,
The treasure he so long had kept,
Must be restored again.

"Mother, the grave looks dark and drear,
Yet I to death must bow;
Say, mother, will you guide and cheer
My lonely passage now?"
The mother answered with her tears,
For words were useless there,
She felt the hope of early years
Was now beyond her care.

Their dying child with fear opprest,
Then comfort sought in prayer;
And He who stills the troubled breast,
Spake peace, and comfort, there.
"Mother," said he, and sweetly smiled,
While joy lit up his eye,—
"God will support your trembling child;
I fear not now to die."

He paused—a change came o'er his face,
So beautiful and fair;
'Twas death—he met its cold embrace
With joy, for God was there.
And fearlessly his spirit flew,
From all the grave's dark gloom;
The Saviour led him safely through
The drear and narrow tomb.

O piety, 'tis thine to stay,
When every tie is riven;
Thine to illume the darksome way,
That leads from earth to heaven.
Happy the child who early makes
The Lord his God, a friend;
His soul the blessed Saviour takes,
To joys that never end.

CARL,

OR, THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

Close by the sea upon a very rough and rocky coast, there once lived an honest fisherman, with his wife and son. Carl, for so the boy was called, was about ten years old, a stout, hardy boy, and withal a great lover of the sea.

Every day the old fisherman went out for fish, and sometimes he was absent during the night. Frequently he would leave home at sunset; and taking Carl with him, and a small lantern, he would not return till morning.

One day he resolved to go out alone,

and leave Carl at home to clean nets, and lines, and dry the fish he had already caught. So he went down to the beach, and unmooring his boat, he set his sails, and sped merrily over the waters. During the day he was less successful than usual, and in the afternoon he resolved to moor his boat to a ledge of rocks that projected far out into the sea, and cast his lines from them. Taking down his sails he steered the boat cautiously, but skillfully towards them, and jumping ashore, made it fast by a long rope, to the sharp point of a rock that hung projecting over the water. Now that end of the ledge where the fisherman proposed to fish, was at high water completely covered; but he imagined he had made provision for the occurrence, in having his boat all ready in which to

embark. Meanwhile Carl and his mother were busily employed at home. Carl spread the nets upon the grass, cleaned the lines and hooks, and cut open the fish, which his mother salted and laid in the sun, to dry. Then he went to work upon a little boat which he himself was constructing. He had got it nicely painted, and was now busy in rigging it. The materials of which it was made, he had purchased of a carpenter in the village, with the money he had obtained for fish of his own taking. Carl was very ingenious for a boy of his age, and had a surprising knowledge of nautical affairs. Born and partly reared directly in sight of the great ocean, and ever in sound of its ceaseless roar; it is not strange that he early learned to love the watery element, and imagine it almost his

home. He had christened his mimic boat the Sea Gull. It was just large enough to hold two, and sat upon the water as gracefully as a bird. So intent was Carl in putting this little craft in sea-trim, that he had scarcely looked up for an hour, when the voice of his mother calling loudly to him, attracted his attention. "Carl! Carl!" cried she, "come hither quickly." Carl laid down his tools and obeyed. "Do you not see that terrible storm brewing? run, boy, out upon the rocks, and see if your father's boat is in sight, for the wind is rising, and the tempest if it comes this way, will be very severe."

Carl looked in the direction she pointed, and for the first time noticed a change in the atmosphere around him. Just below the sun, and directly

in his path, was a jet black cloud, with a rough zig-zag edge, and apparently heavily charged with electricity. A few moments more, and the sun began to dip his broad burning disc into the dark sea-like sky below him. Large birds were wheeling and screaming aloft in the air, and bending their flight inland. The air too, had suddenly grown chilly, and the sea was covered for a great distance with little flakes or specks of foam, while the water itself reflecting back the sky, looked black and ominous.

Carl seized his cap, and hurried off to the cliffs; while his mother stood anxiously in the cottage doorway, watching his progress, and straining her eyes, to catch if possible a glimpse of her husband's boat advancing over the billows towards her. Carl ascended

the highest point of the cliffs, but in vain; no boat was in sight, nothing but a distant sloop with all sails set, and headed toward the shore, as if hurrying in from the approaching storm, there being a place near Carl's home where she could lie at anchor in safety. Long and anxiously did Carl maintain his position on the summit of the rocks, while the storm came nearer, and more near, increasing every moment in fury. The heavy thunder was echoed far over the waters, and the sharp lightning almost blinded his eyes with its intense brightness. Suddenly he perceived afar off a small boat approaching the shore. Full of joyful hope, he ran to communicate the tidings to his mother, who had also long been patiently watching. The fisherman's wife had seen her husband

exposed to many frightful storms; but somehow she never had felt the anxiety that she felt now. The wind rose strong and high, and it seemed as though the violence of the gale must destroy any boat exposed to its might, upon the wild sea. Meanwhile the boat drew nigh to the shore; but to the agony of Carl and his mother, it was empty! A huge wave carried it high and dry up upon the beach, and they ran to examine it. A few fish, a line and net, were all that it contained. Hope was fast turning to despair, when suddenly Carl perceived that the rope, or painter, as it is called, belonging to the boat was not coiled up in the usual place, but was dragging at full length in the wet sand. A new thought struck him. "Courage, my dear mother," he exclaimed, "I trust my father is

yet safe. Probably he was left on yonder rock whence his boat was carried away by the rising tide."

He ran again to the top of the cliff, and looking out upon the ledge, which extended far out into the sea before him, with the aid of an old glass belonging to his father, he espied out upon the extreme edge, something white which appeared to be waving. The truth of his father's situation flashed upon his mind. But what assistance could he render! Already had the tide covered a low portion of the rocks, between him and his father, and the waves were flinging up their white surf higher and higher every moment upon the spot where his father was standing; thus cutting off all the fisherman's hope of escape, by clambering over them to reach his home.

Carl knew that in severe storms, the sea always covered even the highest part of the rocks where his father was, so that no time was to be lost. He ran again to the beach, and jumping into a boat, seized the oars, and pushed boldly out to sea; while his mother prayed God earnestly upon the beach that his brave mission might be successful. The rain had not yet begun to fall, and the sea was exceedingly rough, but Carl had a strong arm and a stronger heart. Firmly and courageously he toiled at the oars, and ere long he reached the destined spot. He was not mistaken, there stood his father; a moment more, and relief would have come too late. Already had the water reached his father's waist, and he preserved himself from being washed away, by lashing himself

to the rocks by a fish line. His sensations previous to seeing Carl approaching, had been terrible. Intent upon fishing, he had not observed the near approach of the tempest, until it burst upon him, with sudden violence. He turned for his boat in terror. But already had a huge wave swept it away, and he had the despair of seeing his only chance for safety borne toward land by the treacherous billows. He thought of his wife and child with an agonized heart. To die thus was terrible.

He was in sight of his home, and in the faint hope that perhaps Carl might observe it, he had waived his handkerchief unceasingly, as a signal; Providence had pointed it out to Carl, and deliverance was now at hand. He sprang into the boat, exclaiming, "My

brave, brave boy, thank God, O thank God for this." Then seizing the oars, he plied them with all the vigor his exhausted state would allow.

The voyage home though short, was one of imminent danger. Neither spoke a word as the measured stroke of their oars rose and fell. Before they reached the shore, the rain fell in torrents upon them. A few moments more, and they were safe. Springing from the boat they hurried to the cottage, and with many grateful tears and prayers, they were clasped in the fond arms of the fisherman's wife, who from the cottage window had watched their coming with a beating heart, and now blest God for the deliverance effected by her brave and heroic boy.

DEATH OF A S. S. SCHOLAR.

We are all here but *one* to-day,
And side by side we stand;
What keeps the absent one away
From our beloved band.

We wait for her to read again,
The book with us she read;
We wait for her to come in vain,
She cannot,—she is dead!

We ne'er shall see her in the seat
That here she used to fill;
Or hear again her voice so sweet,
For death has made it still.

He looked upon our little band,
And took her from our side;
And now together here we stand,
To mourn that she has died.

But though to moulder in the tomb,
Her body has been given;
That only lies in dust and gloom,
Her *soul* has gone to heaven.

The Saviour all good children makes
His angels, when they die;
Their happy spirits home he takes,
To dwell with him on high.

She is an angel with him there,
And it is always day;
And flowers are blooming bright and fair,
That never fade away.

Let us be good on earth, that we
Like her from death may rise;
And see the Saviour's face, and be
His angels in the skies.

RESPECT THE AGED.

How little respect is often paid by the young and thoughtless to the wants and comfort of the afflicted and the aged. Nay, more than this, their very rights are not unfrequently wholly disregarded, and trampled upon with impunity. The Holy Scriptures teach us to reverence the aged, and to have regard for the widow and the fatherless. But the young are too apt to lose sight of the words of inspiration in following out the dictates of an evil heart, and forgetting that they themselves must some day be brought low under the heavy rod of affliction, or become faint and feeble with the weary

burden of many years, they infringe upon those peculiar claims which filial duty holds most sacred. I know of no sight more beautiful than that of a young girl or boy, kindly ministering to the wants of the suffering and the old, lightening the heavy sorrows that have gathered around the heart, and smoothing with gentle hand the downward passage to the tomb. Neither on the other hand is there a sight more disgraceful than that of a wayward and undutiful child having no reverence for those whom they are bound to obey, much less those for whom the claims of society demand the utmost respect. I never knew a boy or girl of this class who prospered on arriving at maturer years. As an illustration of these remarks, I propose to relate the following story.

In the pleasant rural village of N. there once resided an elderly lady named Selby. She was a kind-hearted, pious woman, ever ready to do a good turn for her neighbors, and much respected by them. Her circumstances were quite moderate, and some would have called her poor, but she thought otherwise. She owned the small cottage in which she resided, also the plat of ground that surrounded it, and possessed what is far more valuable than worldly goods, the ornament of a meek, quiet, and contented spirit. Previous to the time when my story commences, God had seen fit to visit her with severe affliction. Death parted her from the venerable and tried companion of her earthly existence, and left her a widow and alone in the world. Though thus painfully bereaved she

ceased not to trust in God, and waited patiently the hour of her own dissolution, which would open to her a blissful reunion with him who had gone before her. She had buried all her children in infancy save one, who was spared to arrive at early manhood, and whose home was on the wide, restless sea. Occasionally he came to visit his much-loved parents, but as yet he had not heard of his father's death. Mr. Selby died in the winter season, and the forlorn and dreary aspect of things as he was committed to the grave, seemed to the widow's heart in keeping with the aged and worn out frame the earth had taken to its icy bosom.

The winter days were now over and sweet spring stole softly on, breaking one by one the fetters of the ice-bound streams, and calling up the green grass

and early flowers from the softening soil. Soon the leaves put forth, and the cherry and the apple blossoms sent their sweet fragrance forth upon the soft winds. The village began to assume a most lovely aspect, and the little white church in its midst, no longer looked drear and bare, but began to be almost hidden behind the green foliage of the trees that seemed to hold it in their leafy embrace. Just about this time there came to reside in the village of N. a family whose name was Ray. It consisted of three boys and a girl, with the father and mother. The father was a carpenter by trade, but of his character, and the character of his family, nothing was known in the village, into which they entered as strangers. But strangers they did not seem to intend long to

remain, especially the boys, who became ringleaders of a certain sort of the boys of the village. They were indolent and wicked, and reverenced neither their parents or any one else. John, the oldest, a boy of twelve years, was the worst of the three, and not satisfied with being bad himself, sought to make others so. He possessed one of those mean dispositions which love to inflict pain upon any one incapable of defence, but a coward in the presence of a superior in strength and ability. Among the good boys of the village, was one called Edward Harris, who attended the same school with John Ray. Edward had good and pious parents, and he reverenced and loved them; they had instructed him from his infancy in the precepts and commands of God's Word, so that

he feared to do wrong, and was conscientious in spirit. This boy, John Ray had frequently tried to lead into temptation, but hitherto he had tried in vain. At last, with all the cunning of an evil heart, he devised a plan by which if he could not persuade Edward to do wrong, he might at least be compelled to bear the stain of deep disgrace. In the widow Selby's garden, small though it was, were several valuable fruit trees. Her husband was once a gardener to a wealthy gentleman, who presented him with several choice shoots when he left the employment, having become too old to labor. These he had carefully cultivated in his own little garden, and at the time of his death they had arrived at the perfection of their growth. Of course the widow set a great value

upon these trees, now that he who had planted them was dead and gone, and she guarded them with a watchful eye. But there were boys in the village who, now that she lived alone and was infirm with age and sorrow, were wickedly disposed to molest her, and even rob her of her little store. Among the foremost of these was John Ray. Never did he pass the little garden without throwing stones at the fruit trees, and often jumping over into the little enclosure and helping himself to the choicest of the fruit. In vain did the widow, leaning upon her staff, come slowly and feebly out of her cottage and beg him to desist, telling him that the sale of that fruit was all she had on which to depend for supplying her necessary wants. The rude boy turned a deaf ear to her tremulous

voice, or answered with a laugh of derision, mocking her tones of entreaty. The cherry blossoms had fallen and faded, and the little green fruit warmed by the sun and watered by the gentle rain, had begun to be slightly streaked with red. In the widow's garden stood one tree loaded with the delicious fruit, and people passing by remarked what a fine crop might be expected. But dishonest as well as honest people had marked its promising appearance, and these wickedly determined to deprive the lone and aged widow of a portion of her rightful stock. John Ray had long watched this tree, and marked a part of its fruit as his own. He waited until it got entirely ripe, and then devised a plan for obtaining it. It was this. He knew Edward Harris was very fond of

studying natural history, and that the habits of birds and the different manners in which their nests are built particularly interested him. He had often accompanied Edward in expeditions for the purpose of obtaining nests and examining their curious structure.—Now he resolved to pretend to Edward that in this cherry tree of the widow's was a nest of a kind Edward had long desired to obtain, and if possible to prevail upon him to climb the tree for it some evening with himself in order to secure it. He thought that if he could only get Edward fairly lodged in the tree, it would be an easy matter to prevail upon him to be reconciled to the non-appearance of the nest, and to partake of the cherries. This step taken, Edward would be as bad as himself, and in case of detection share

equally the blame. Accordingly one pleasant afternoon as they were returning from school, John made Edward a present of some beautiful insects, for his collection of such things which he had made. Edward was delighted, and the wily John, in the warmth of pretended friendship, described the nest which he declared he had seen in the cherry tree of Widow Selby's that overhung the road, and offered to accompany him and aid in obtaining it.

Edward was charmed at the proposal, and forgetting all the cautions and desires of his parents respecting John's company, agreed to go with him that evening for the wished-for nest.

"We will go in the evening," said John, "for if we were seen climbing the tree in broad daylight, people would say we were stealing fruit."

All this seemed very plausible to Edward, but still he did not feel quite satisfied with the prospect. His parents seldom allowed him to be out late in the evening, and John had told him that he could not accompany him until after the village bells had rung nine. So, consequently he would be obliged to steal out cautiously from his chamber window, and return in the same way. At first he thought of communicating the affair to his mother; then he remembered she had forbidden him the society of John, and of course would put an end at once to his going, and his desire for the nest was so strong that he could not give it up. He retired to his chamber in a very uneasy state of mind. Instead of undressing, as usual, he seated himself at his chamber window, to wait

the appointed hour. Ere long the music of the village bells broke the peaceful repose around; it was nine o'clock. Edward's heart sank within him at the sound, and something whispered, "Let the nest go, do not accompany that bad boy, he will only lead you astray." Thus conscience and duty urged, but inclination whispered, "The nest is rare, it will make a valuable addition to your collection, go and obtain it." Edward yielded to inclination, the given signal from John stole upon his ear, he jumped from the window, and in a few moments more was on his way to the widow's dwelling. The aged woman in the mean time, was enjoying peaceful repose. Little did she dream that footsteps were even then approaching

her dwelling to commit depredations upon her property.

When the boys reached the spot, John easily persuaded Edward to mount first into the tree. When he had done so, what was his surprise to see two boys, each with a large basket, ascend the tree after John in high glee. They were his brothers, Bill and Tom Ray. A suspicion of the truth now flashed upon his mind; he inquired for the nest; a loud laugh of derision was his only reply. He immediately attempted to descend the tree.

"Not so, my fine fellow," said John, "you are one of us now, and if you try to escape I'll expose you as sure as you are alive."

Edward sat down upon a bough with a heavy heart. He had taken a wrong

step and must now suffer the consequences, but he resolved that nothing should induce him to touch a single cherry.

Now the tree stood very close to the cottage, and ere long the voices of the boys awoke the widow. She rose, and on going softly to the window, the figures of the boys in her cherry-tree became distinctly visible. She opened the window, and in a kind but feeble voice begged them to desist. This they refused, and she then threatened to summon a neighbor to her assistance.

"Do it if you dare," cried John, enraged at the interruption of his work of plunder, "let us just see you hobbling out of that old hut of yours at this time of night."

But the widow was in earnest; and

hastily wrapping herself up, she tottered feebly out of her house to summon the aid of her neighbor who lived opposite. But ere she had crossed the boundaries of her own little garden, John Ray had slid down from the tree, and seizing a large stone, hurled it with all his might at the head of the aged woman. It hit her with fearful force, and uttering one shriek, she fell to the ground; frightened at what he had done, John and his brothers instantly fled, leaving their baskets behind them. Horror-struck at the sight, Edward rapidly descended the tree, and on seeing the door open at the opposite house and a man run out attracted by the cry of the injured woman, he hurried home as rapidly as fright would permit him to move. He gained his own chamber undisturbed, and resolving to

confess the whole affair to his parents on the morrow, retired to rest.

In the mean time the kind-hearted neighbor carried the aged and helpless sufferer into her own house and laid her upon a bed, where, with the aid of his wife, she became restored to consciousness. She had fainted with pain and the force of the blow. The neighbor examined the baskets the boys had left behind, and found upon them the letters J. R. He instantly recognised the baskets as belonging to Mr. Ray, and resolved to take measures to have the boys severely punished. But before this was done John met with his own punishment. A judgment from God came upon him for his great wickedness. In attempting to rob a fruit-tree in a gentleman's garden, his foot slipped, and falling from the top-

most branch, he was killed instantly. The fall had broken his neck.

Thus did this wicked boy receive the punishment of his transgressions. He had been often reproved, but his heart was hardened, and he was at last suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.

As for Edward Harris, he confessed the whole transaction to his parents, and obtained their forgiveness. He afterwards frequently visited the aged widow, and contributed greatly to her happiness and comfort, and persuaded his young companions to respect her property and rights, so that her last days were peaceful and happy, and she died tranquilly in the arms of her son, who came home from sea just in time to receive her parting blessing. Edward Harris grew up to be a useful and

beloved member of society; he was happy and prosperous, and never forgot or neglected to obey the injunction of Holy Writ, to have respect unto the aged.

THE LOST PENCIL-CASE;

OR, THE BEST REVENGE.

"Do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who despitefully use you and persecute you," read little Frank Harvey from his Testament, as he sat beside his mother one pleasant afternoon. It was Saturday, and Frank was studying his lesson preparatory for the Sabbath school. "That seems to be rather hard, mother; is it never right to take revenge?"

"It is contrary to the commands of Scripture," answered Mrs. Harvey; "we are instructed to imitate the example of our Saviour, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again."

"Well, mother, but it is so hard to bear an injury patiently, and it comes so natural to make some sort of a harsh return for it, that I cannot help doing so."

"Try, Frank, try for one week at least, and see if you cannot conquer this retaliating spirit, and make kind returns for any injustice which may be done you; just try, and see what will be the effect of such a course of conduct."

"I know I cannot keep my temper, mother, so that it will be of no use."

"Make the effort at least, my dear, and let me know how you succeed."

Brightly and beautifully dawned the Sabbath morning of the day following this conversation between Frank and his mother. His way to church lay through a fine piece of woodland on

his father's estate. It was not a public road, and therefore many people preferred it to the highway on Sundays. Frank loved it dearly, and with his Testament in his pocket, he set off, singing a hymn as if in rivalry of the music of the forest warblers. There were many objects to gaze upon and admire as he passed along, fresh from God's creating hand, and surpassing the finest efforts of art. Frank had never enjoyed a walk more, and his delight increased at every step. Presently he came to a sort of clearing in the woods. The underbrush had been all cut away, and only a few walnuts and majestic oaks were left standing. A great number of squirrels were skipping about among the boughs of these trees, and making the woods ring with their sharp, peculiar cries. Sud-

denly Frank paused before a narrow foot-path which struck out from the original one. "It is but a few steps," said he to himself, "and I will only just look at it a moment." He had set a squirrel trap close by, the day previous, and he wished very much to know if the trap had been sprung. His curiosity prevailed, and he hastened to the spot. The trap was closed. With an exclamation of delight he took it in his hands to examine it, but, to his surprise, it was quite light, and all was silent inside. He shook it, but no sound came from within. Amazed and disappointed, he ventured to peep under the lid. There was nothing there. The bait had been untouched. Frank felt exceedingly vexed and irritated. "Some one has been here," said he half aloud, "and

meddled with my trap. Whoever it was, he had better look out how he does it again, that's all." So saying, he re-adjusted it, and walked slowly away. Frank went on to church, but somehow his heart was not so light as before. Beside the disappointment he felt in not having succeeded in trapping the squirrel, he was rather uneasy lest he had done wrong in going to the spot on the Sabbath day. In fine, he began to feel as does any who yields to temptation, be it ever so slight a deviation from the path of rectitude, and all through the day he felt restless and unhappy. The next morning bright and early, he hurried to the spot, and found the trap in the same state as the day before. The box was shut and the bait unmolested. A feeling of anger now took pos-

session of Frank's bosom. "It is too bad," he exclaimed, petulantly; "I wish I could only find out who it is that meddles with my trap; I would make him pay for it roundly, that I would." He sat down upon a mossy stump, vexed and mortified at his want of success, and looked around him. By and by, Frank saw a boy coming toward him through an opening in the woods. When he saw Frank, he whistled loudly, and scuffled the dry leaves under his feet as he approached. It was his cousin George.

"Well, Frank," cried he, as he came up, "what luck, have you caught many squirrels yet?"

"Not any yet," answered Frank, quietly; "somebody is ugly enough to spring my trap for me as fast as I can set it." George set up a loud

laugh at this, which Frank did not at all relish. His anger rose, and he said somewhat hastily, "I only wish I could find out who did it." George laughed again, and there was a malicious sound in his laugh which made it quite unwelcome to Frank's ear, and for the first time he began to suspect who his troublesome enemy might be. He knew that George had an old grudge against himself, and the recollection of this added strength to his suspicions. He said nothing, however, and commenced readjusting his trap once more.

"You need not be so sulky about it," observed George, looking on.

"I am not," answered Frank.

"Yes you are," continued George; "you are almost ready to cry now, because you cannot catch a squirrel."

The blood mounted to Frank's face in a moment, and he was about to make some vehement and angry reply, when the words of Scripture, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city," flashed across his mind, and forbearing a reply, he walked rapidly away to school.

The next morning he visited the woods again. There stood his box, closed as before, and empty, save the bait all undisturbed. It was too much for poor Frank, and the tears sprang to his eyes. He had intended the squirrel he hoped to catch as a present, and the thought of this added not a little to his disappointment. Besides, he felt distressed at being thus evidently annoyed by some secret enemy; for surely, he thought, no friend would be so unkind. While he was

considering what to do, he saw something lying upon the grass, which shone like silver. He picked it up and examined it. It was a beautiful and costly pencil-case, with the name of George's father engraved upon the seal. Here was quite a discovery, and a clue to what he wished to know. George must have been there, and dropped the pencil from his pocket. Frank knew that George's father set a great value upon it, and that as he was a very passionate, violent man, he would probably punish George severely for his carelessness in losing it. Frank's first thought was to keep the pencil secretly for awhile, and let George receive the punishment he so richly merited. It was such a fine opportunity to be revenged upon him. Then the words of his mother rose

softly to his mind, "Try, my son, to return good for evil; do good to those who hate and despitefully use you, and make kind returns for injustice." Frank felt the force and beauty of the argument, but was yet unwilling to yield to it. He put the pencil in his pocket, and in an undecided state of mind, returned home. After dinner he went over to see his cousin. He found George in a state of great trepidation. His father had demanded the pencil of him, which of course could not be found. In vain did George search his pockets; it was still missing. Much enraged, his father was on the point of immediately punishing him. But George pleaded hard that he might be allowed to search for it, alledging that he must have laid it down and forgotten it.

"Careless, good-for-nothing boy," exclaimed his father, "out of my sight immediately! I will give you two or three hours in which to seek for it, and if at the expiration of that time it is not to be found, I will punish you severely."

Pale and trembling, George withdrew from the presence of his father, and judging from his exasperated countenance and manner, that he would be as good as his word in fulfilling his threats in case the pencil was not forthcoming, set himself diligently at work to find it. He searched all over the house and the garden, but in vain. Two hours had already passed away, when Frank came in and found him in the condition I have described. George told him of his father's threat, and with tearful eyes begged his as-

sistance in finding the lost pencil. For a few moments there was a violent struggle in the breast of Frank. He did not doubt but that it was George who had defeated his attempts to entrap the squirrels, and now what a fine opportunity to be revenged upon him. He could keep the pencil-case until after George was punished, and then restore it to him. For a moment he was strongly tempted to do this; then the gentle persuasions of his mother came to his mind, to try for one week at least to overcome evil with good, and return kindness for injustice. His better nature prevailed; he gave heed to the blessed precepts of our Saviour, "Love your enemies," and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth the pencil-case, and placed it in the hands of the aston-

ished George, saying, "I found your pencil-case in the woods; it was lying by my squirrel-trap."

Had a blow from some unseen hand fallen upon George, he could not have looked more surprised and dismayed. Guilt, shame and remorse appeared by turns in his countenance. Astonishment at receiving such kindness from the hands of one whom he had so unkindly treated, at first prevented his utterance. Then he exclaimed, with a quivering lip, "Oh Frank, my dear cousin, pray forgive me; it was I who spoiled your squirrel-traps; I did it to be revenged on you for refusing to lend me your new book the other day, and now you have returned me good for evil, and kindly treated me, when I disliked and annoyed you. How can I ever repay you?"

"Say not a word," replied Frank; "I refused you the book because my mother forbade me to lend it, as I told you at the time; as for the squirrels, we can set our traps together now. Carry the pencil to your father, and then we will take a walk to the woods."

Ever after the two boys were warm friends, and Frank acknowledged to his mother, when he came to relate to her the events of his week of trial, that the noblest, happiest, and most effectual of all kinds of revenge, is that which gives back good for evil, kindness for unkindness, and generosity for injustice.

THE END.